

# CLAIM

A SONG OF IRE AND VICE

#4 OF 4



ALMES

WRIGHT

DIMITRIEVSKI

BIRCH





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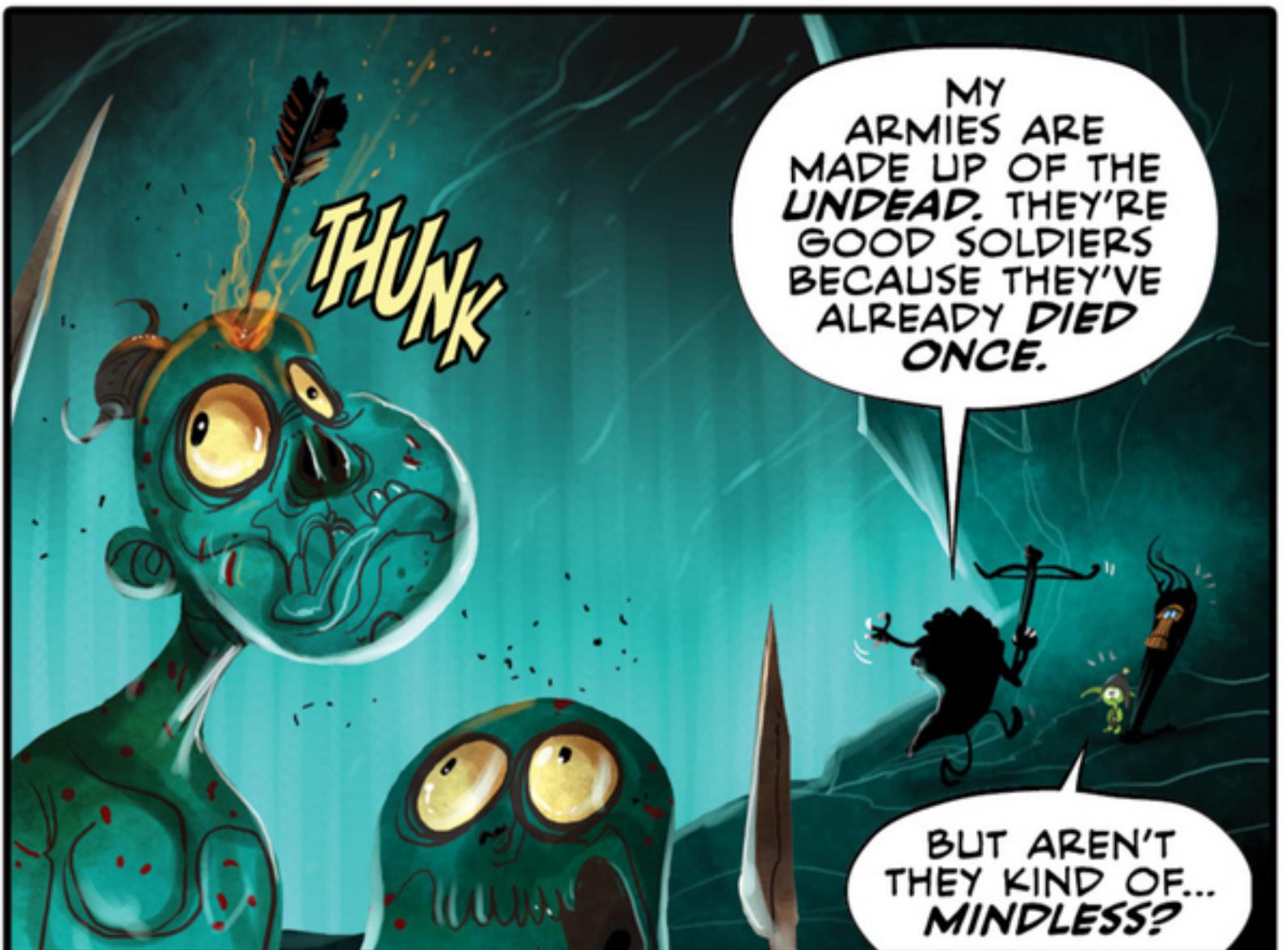
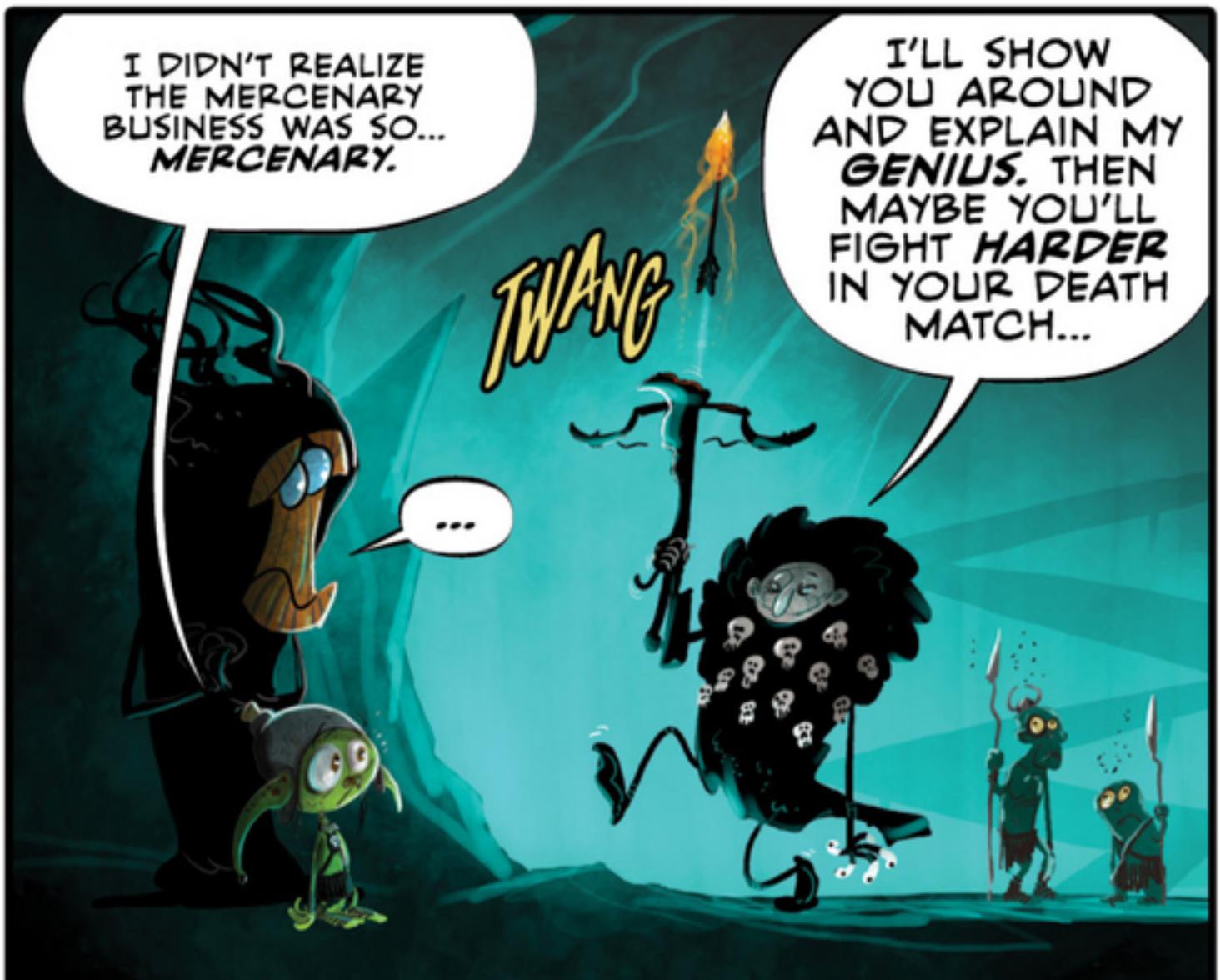
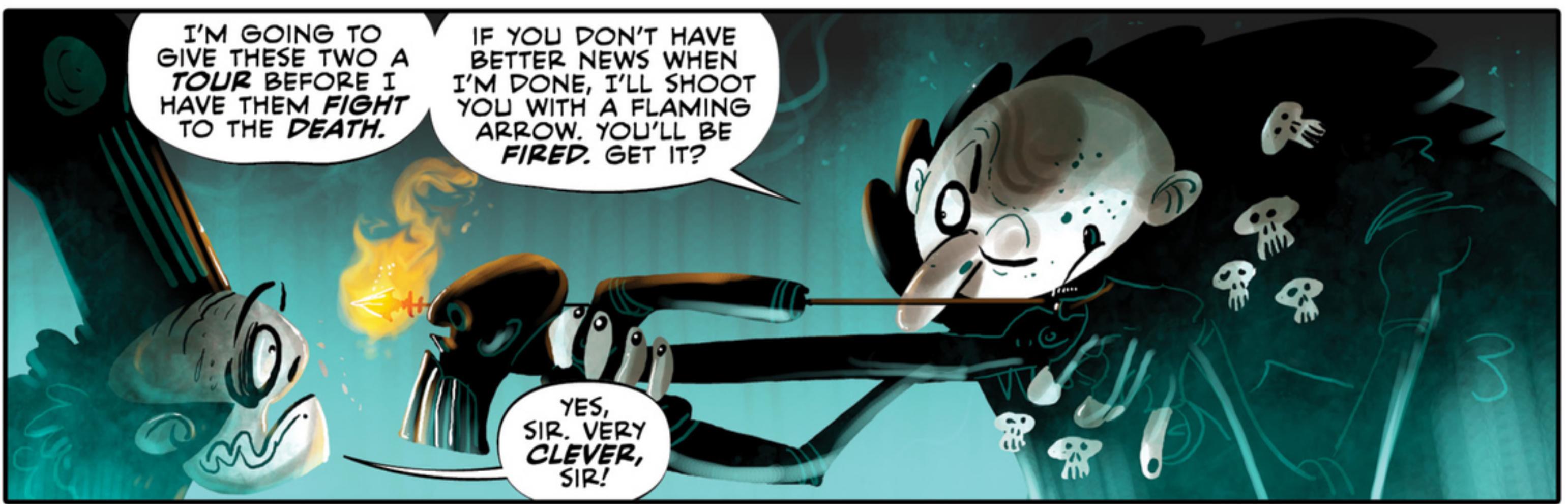
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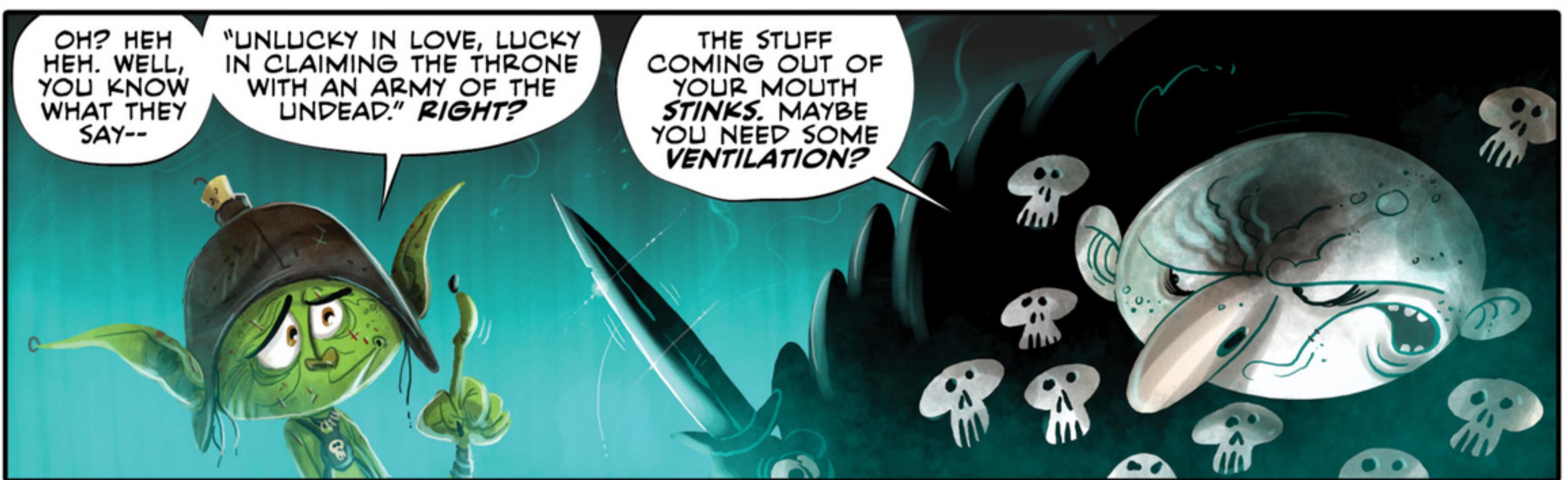
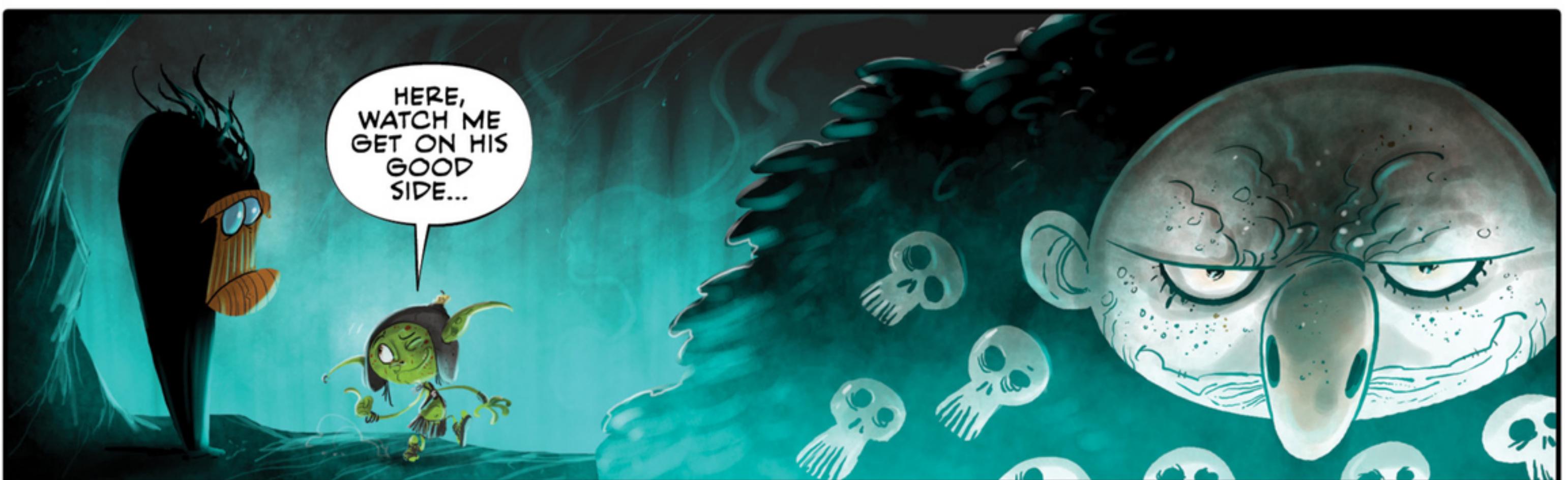
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MY ARMY CAN SPEND THEIR PAY ON ANY OF OUR EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANTS. EXCLUSIVELY.

THE UNDEAD PREFER BRAINS, BUT WE SERVE THE VEGAN SUBSTITUTE FOR BRAINS: GRAINS.

THE NOSH PIT

ALL MY EMPLOYEES LIVE IN APARTMENTS I PROVIDE. THE RENT IS REASONABLE, ONLY TWICE THEIR SALARY.

SWANKY.  
EXTRAVAGANT.  
SWANKSTRAVAGANT!

WHAT'RE YOUR NAMES AGAIN?

I'M ROB, AND HE'S DOP.

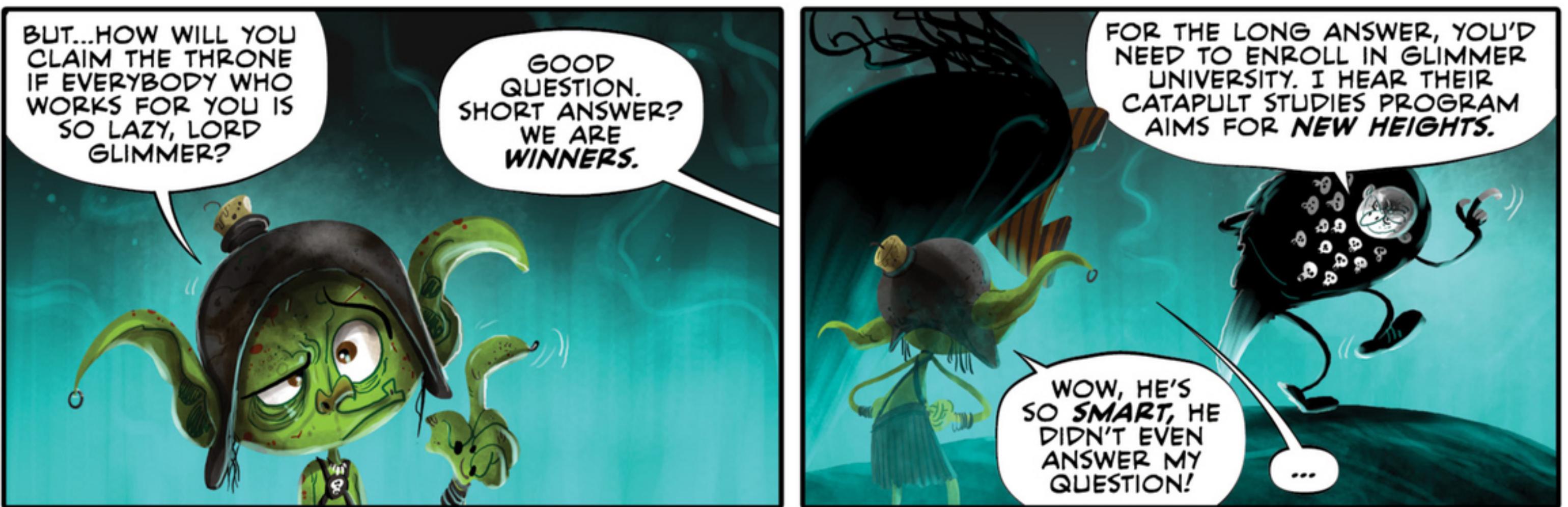
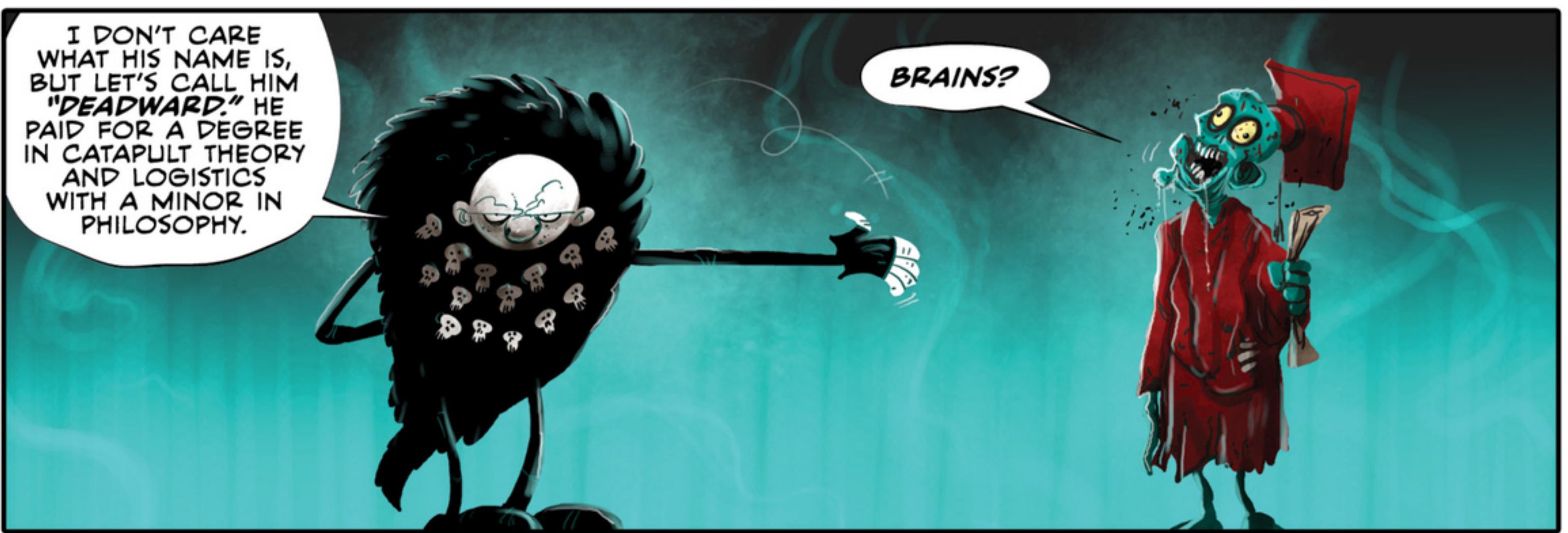
LISTEN UP, RUBE AND DOPE. I'M GOING TO LET YOU BOTH IN ON A LITTLE SECRET...

THE UNDEAD, THEY'RE VERY LAZY. IF THEY WERE HARD WORKERS, THEY'D BE RICH AND ALIVE BY NOW.

MOST OF THEM HAVE TO WORK THREE OR FOUR JOBS JUST TO AFFORD TO BE HERE.

TAKE THIS RECENT GRADUATE FROM GLIMMER UNIVERSITY, FOR EXAMPLE...

GURM.



WE HAVE  
RESERVATIONS  
HERE FOR A  
BUNCH OF  
KNIGHTS!

HOW  
DO YOU  
PLAN TO  
PAY?



RAH!

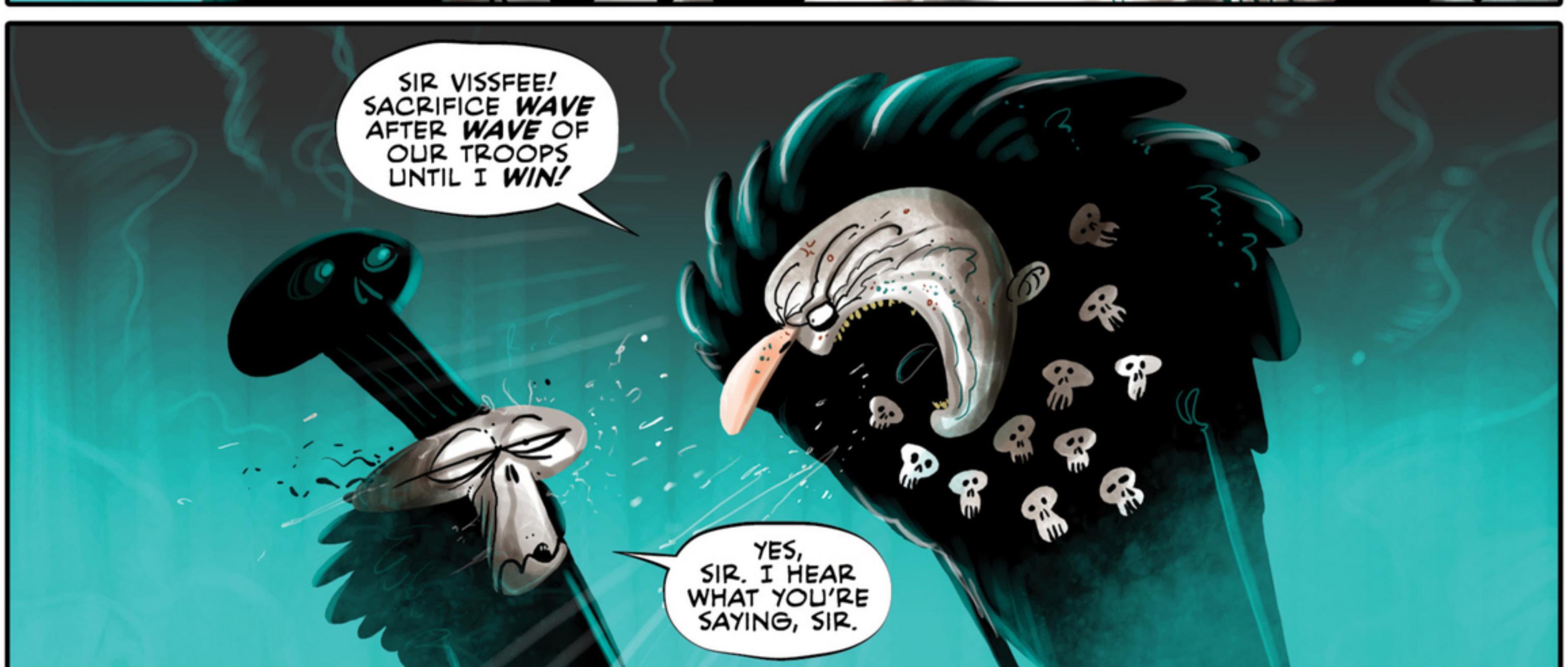
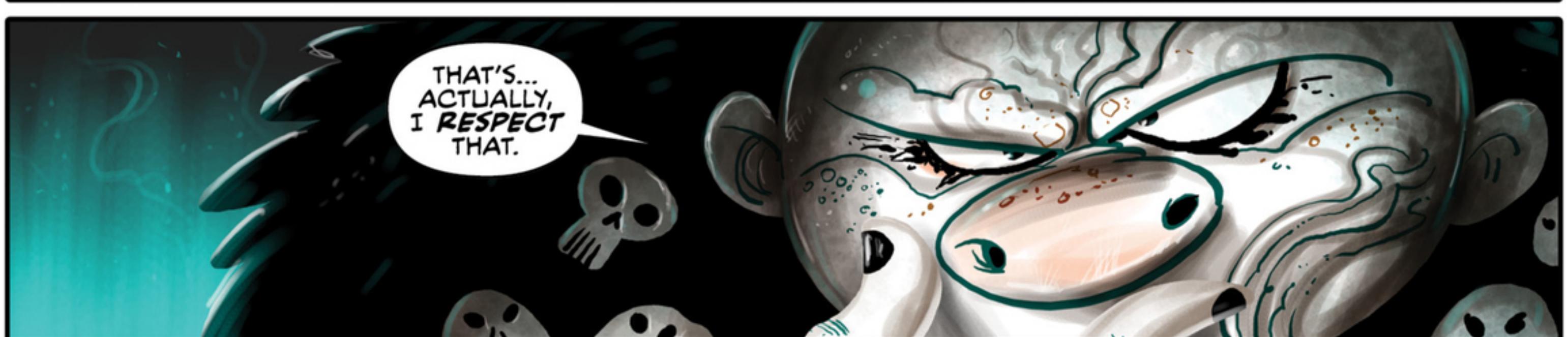
SIR PASS IS  
BREAKING THE  
SPINE OF THE  
RESISTANCE!

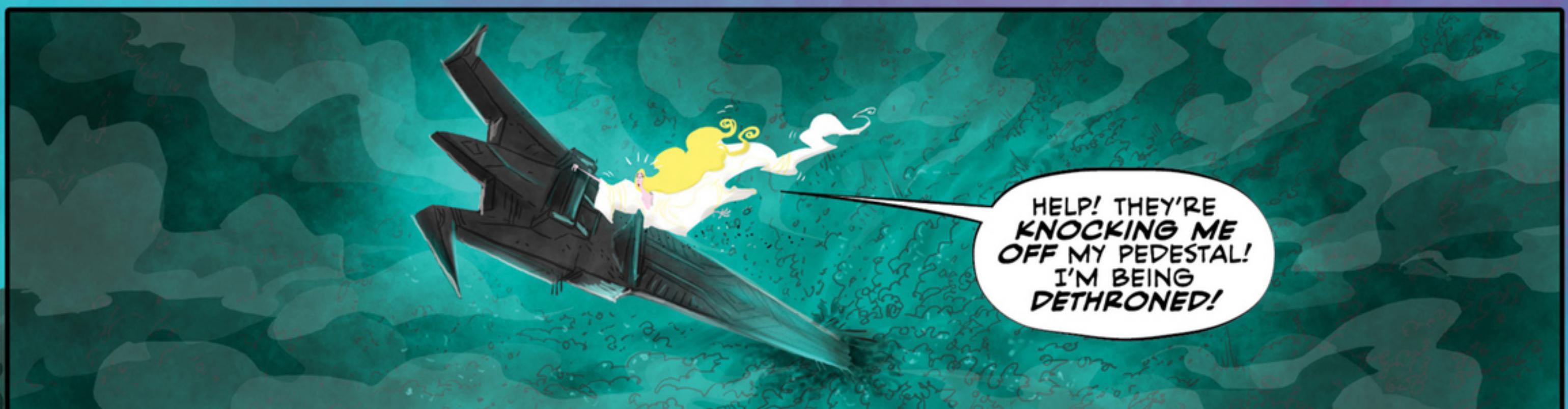
CRACKLE

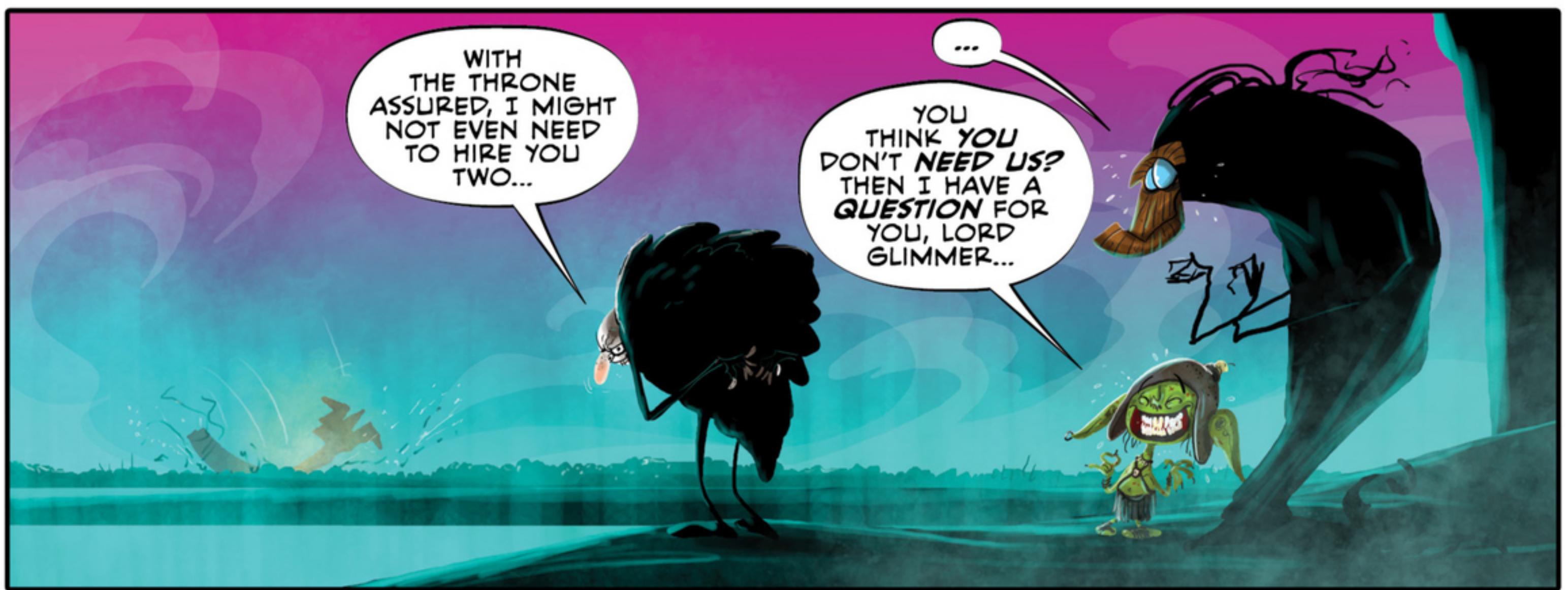
TA-DAH!

SIR  
CUMFERENCE  
IS TAKING OUT  
ENEMIES ALL  
AROUND!

THANK YOU  
FOR STANDING  
IN AN ORDERLY  
CIRCLE!







REMEMBER,  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR  
A DEATHBLOW, NOT A  
NEAR-DEATHBLOW. KILL  
THAT OTHER GUY LIKE  
A GOOD, MERCILESS  
MERCENARY.

YOU KNOW  
WE'RE BOTH  
ROOTING FOR  
YOU TO WIN,  
RIGHT?  
**HONEST!**

KID--OR WHATEVER YOU  
ARE--LISTEN. COMPETITION  
IS **CUTTHROAT**. YOU MIGHT  
WANT TO WRITE THAT  
DOWN: "CUT HIS THROAT."  
MERCENARY MARKETS  
ARE **KILLER**...

YEAH, BUT  
ARCHAEOLOGISTS'  
CAREERS ARE  
ALWAYS IN  
RUINS...

YOU KNOW  
WE'RE BOTH  
ROOTING FOR  
YOU TO WIN,  
RIGHT? UM...  
**HONEST!**

THIS  
DEATHMATCH  
BETTER NOT BE  
**BORING**...

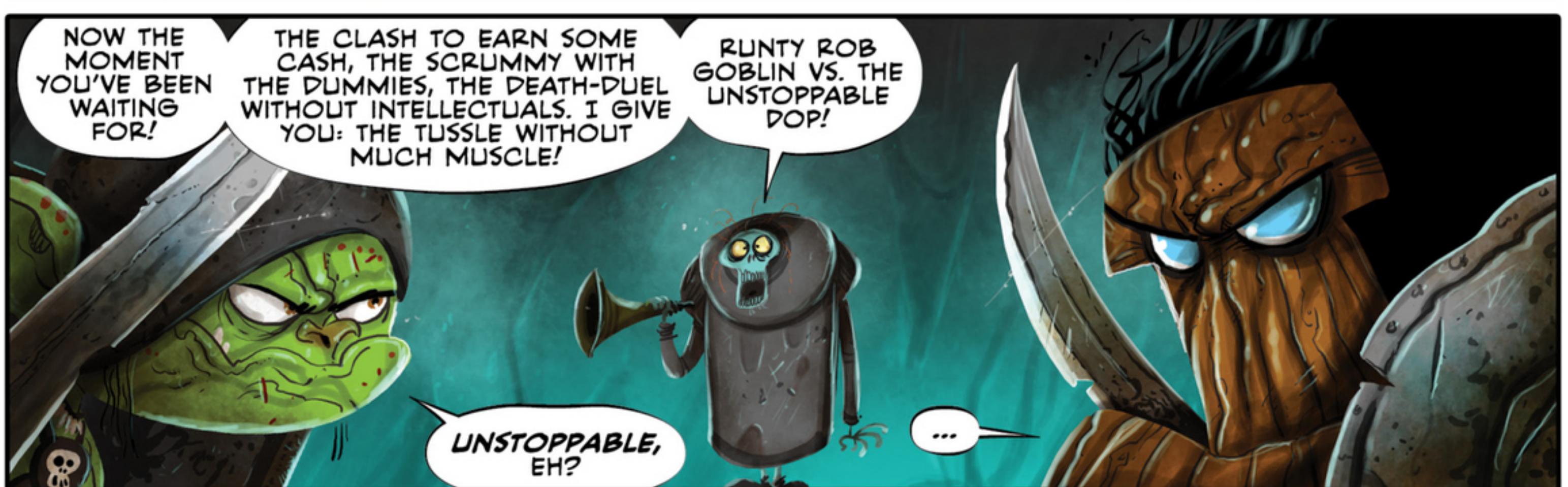
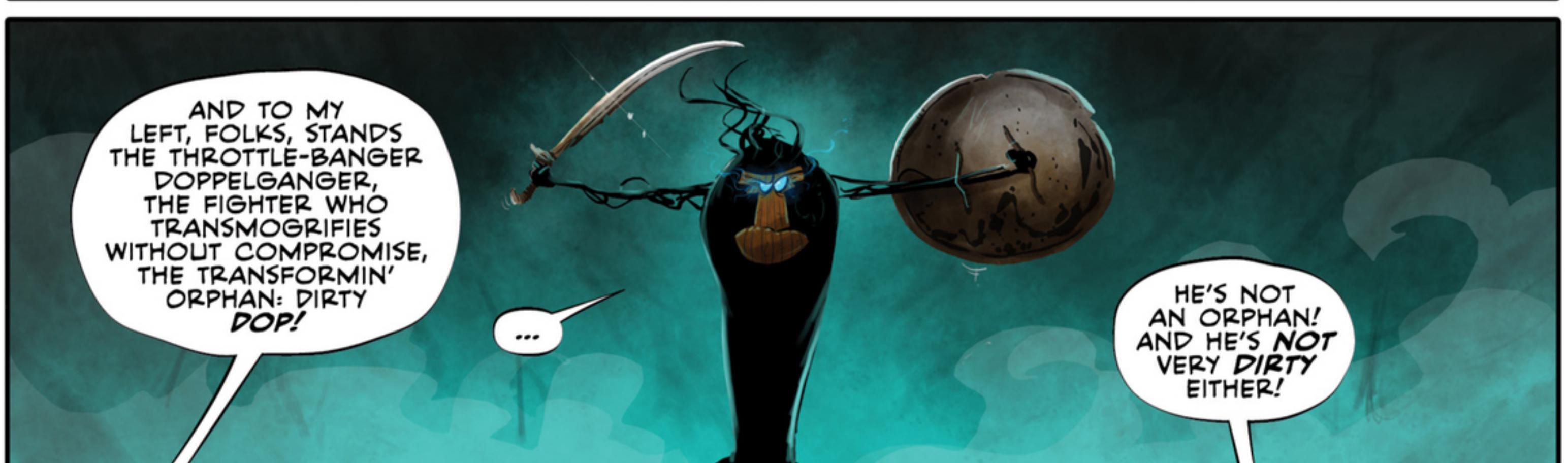
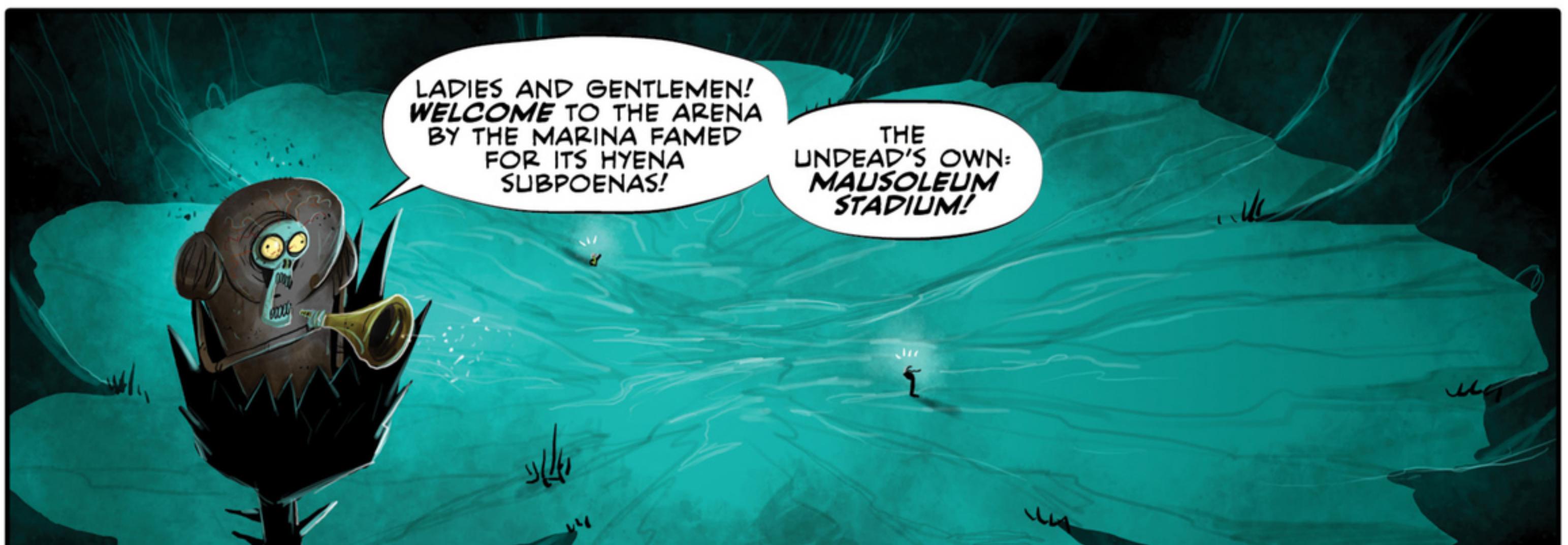
I'M  
SURPRISED  
YOU'RE  
NOT BORED  
**ALREADY**,  
SIR.

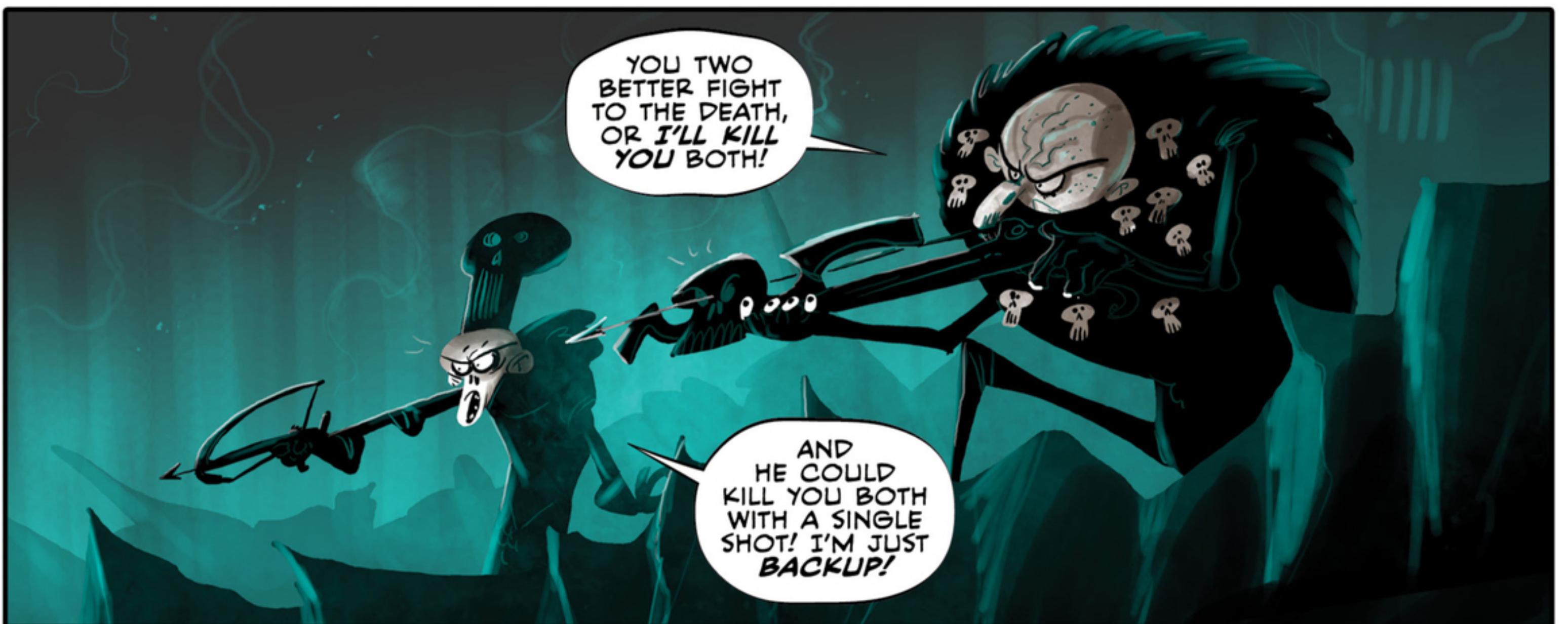
I WISH I  
HAD SOMETHING  
THAT COULD  
**MAGICALLY**  
FETCH ME A  
**SNACK**...

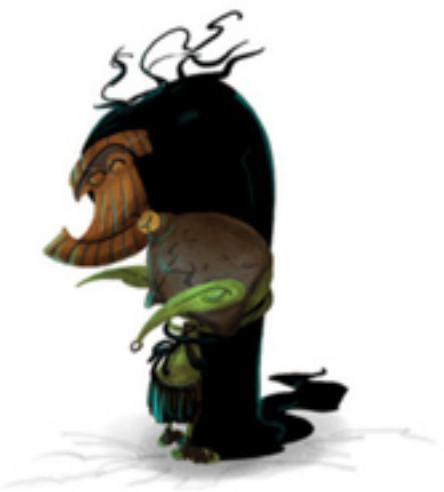
SIR, DON'T  
YOU OWN A  
**SORCERER-DOG**  
FOR THAT EXACT  
PURPOSE?

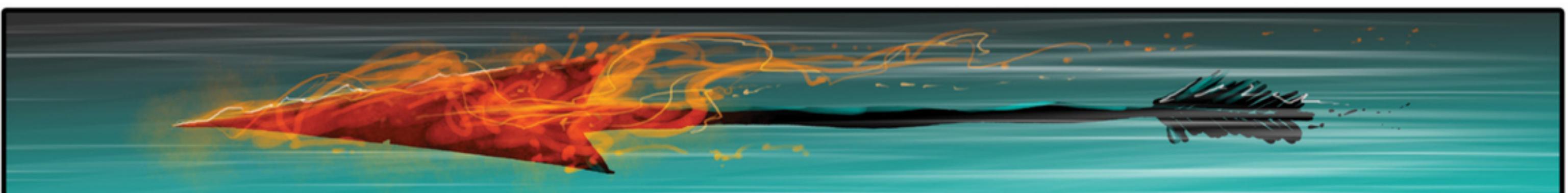
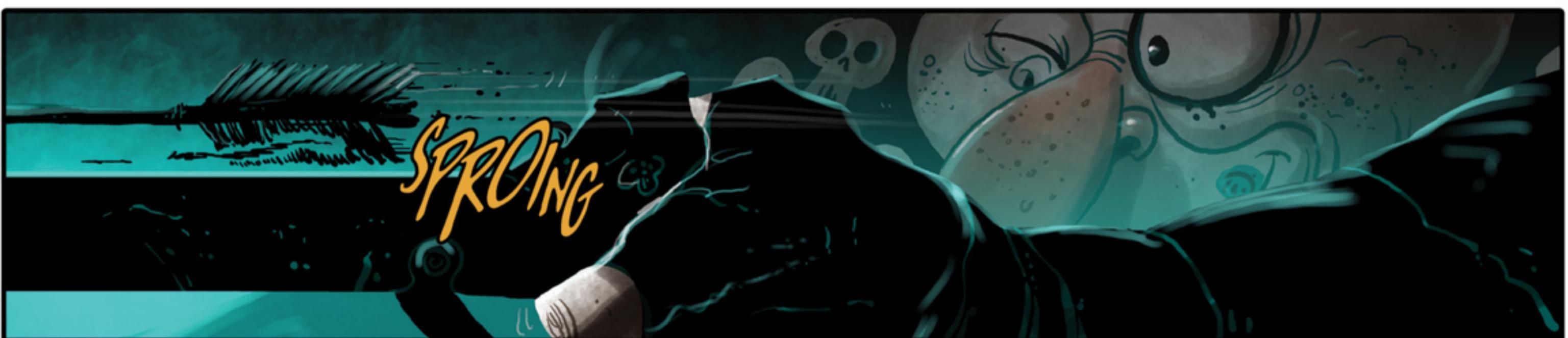
NO, I **SOLD** MY  
LABRACADRADOR.

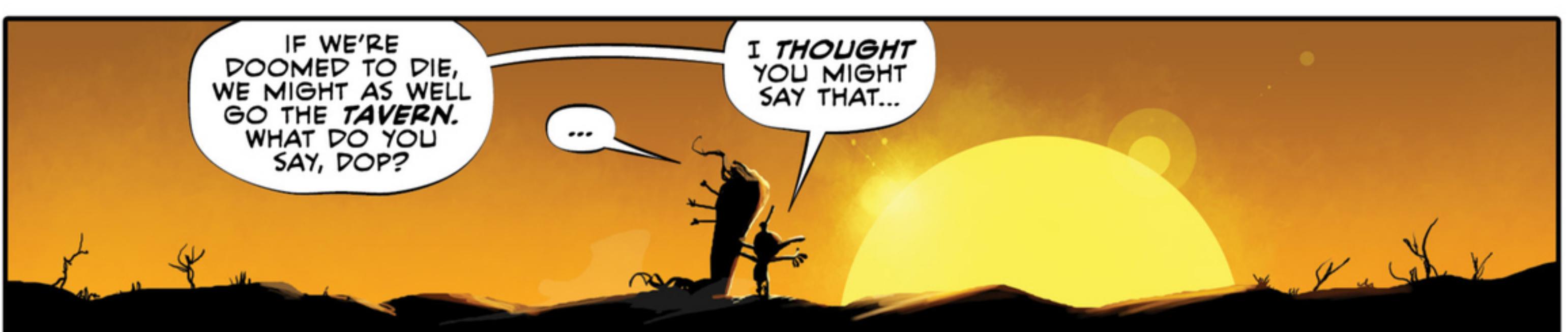
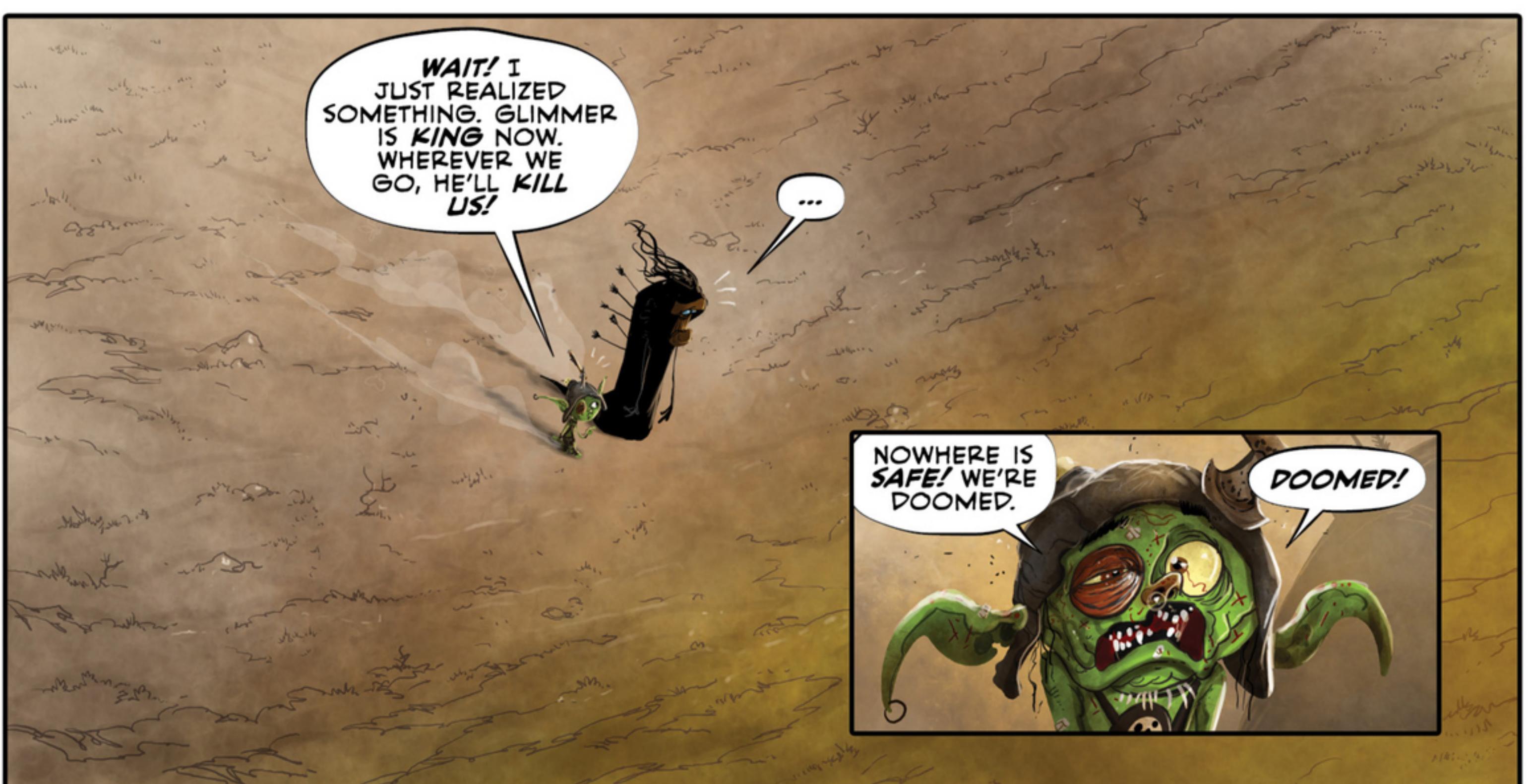
I GOT  
**BORED**...



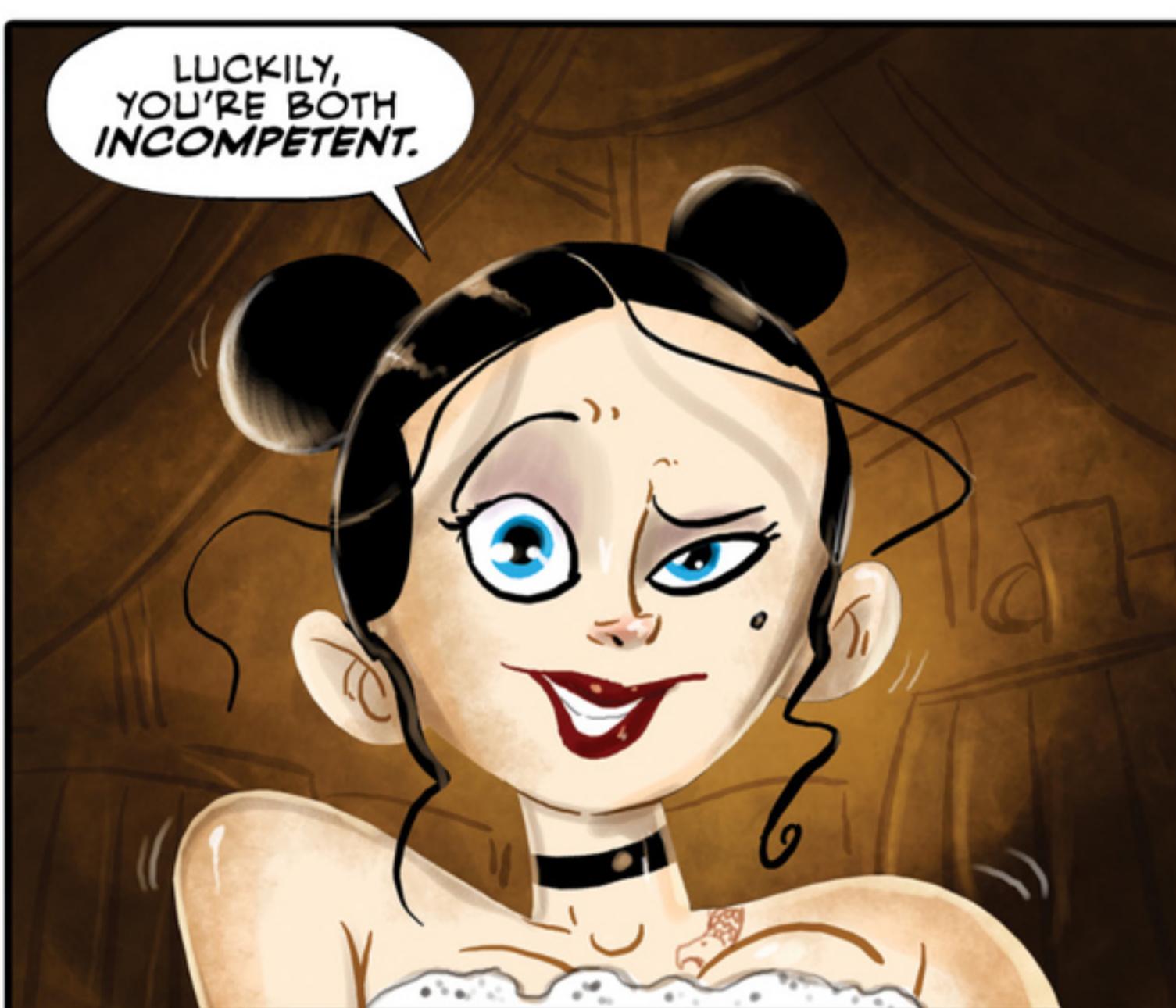
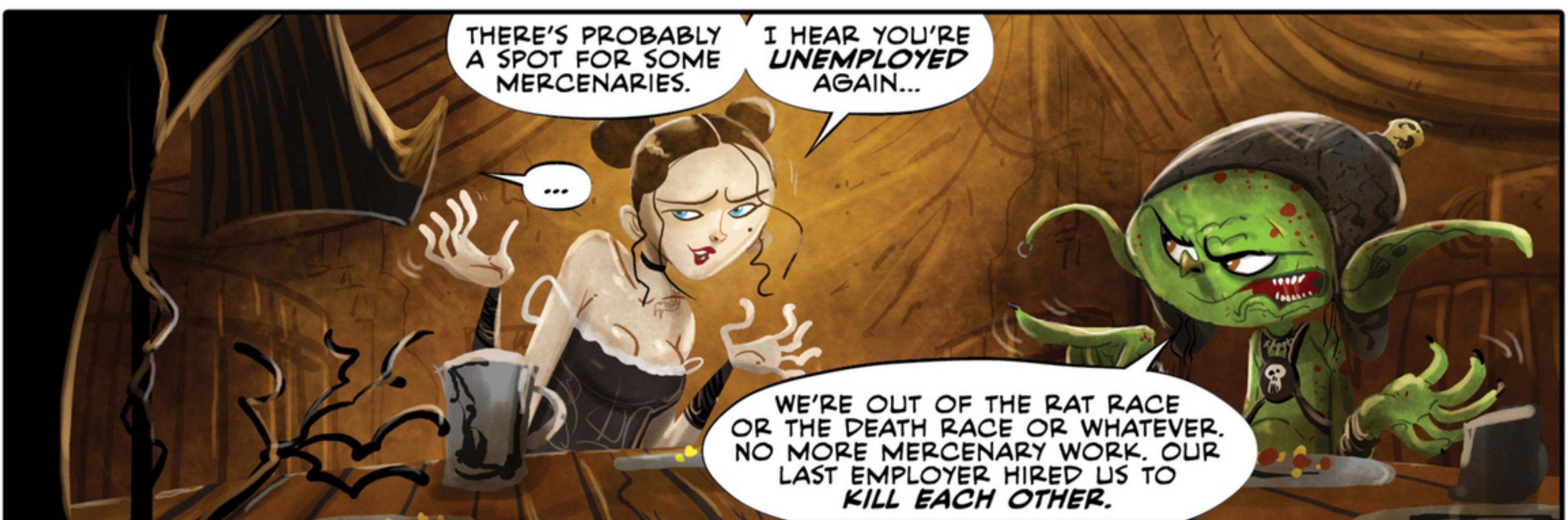
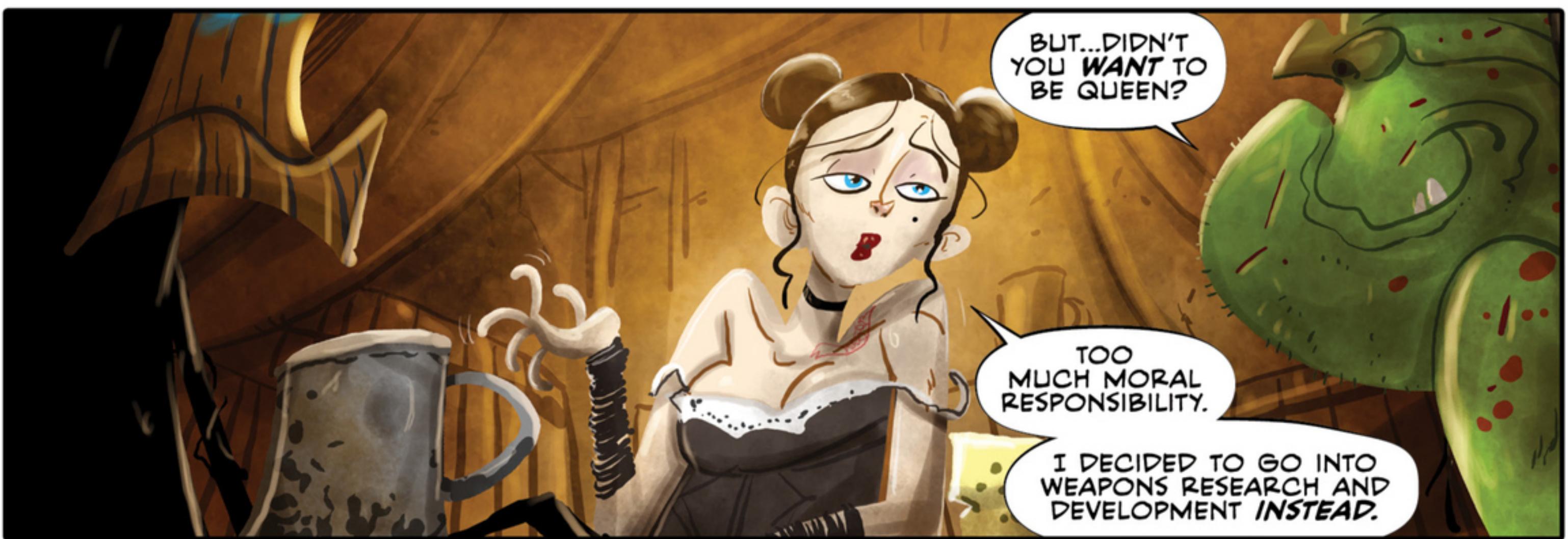












I WORK FOR THE LONG-LOST, FABLED TWIN PRINCESSES WHO ARE NEXT IN LINE FOR THE THRONE!

### PRINCESS HONEYSONG:

FABLED TWIN PRINCESS WITH A CLAIM TO THE THRONE. THOUGHT LONG-LOST BUT ISN'T.



### PRINCESS SPARKLESTAR:

THE OTHER TWIN PRINCESS. EXCEPT WAIT, HOW DO WE TELL THEM APART?

YOU FOUND THE TWIN PRINCESSES DESTINED TO RULE UNSTABLOVAKIA? I'M SPEECHLESS! COMPLETELY SPEECHLESS! LET ME EXPLAIN HOW...

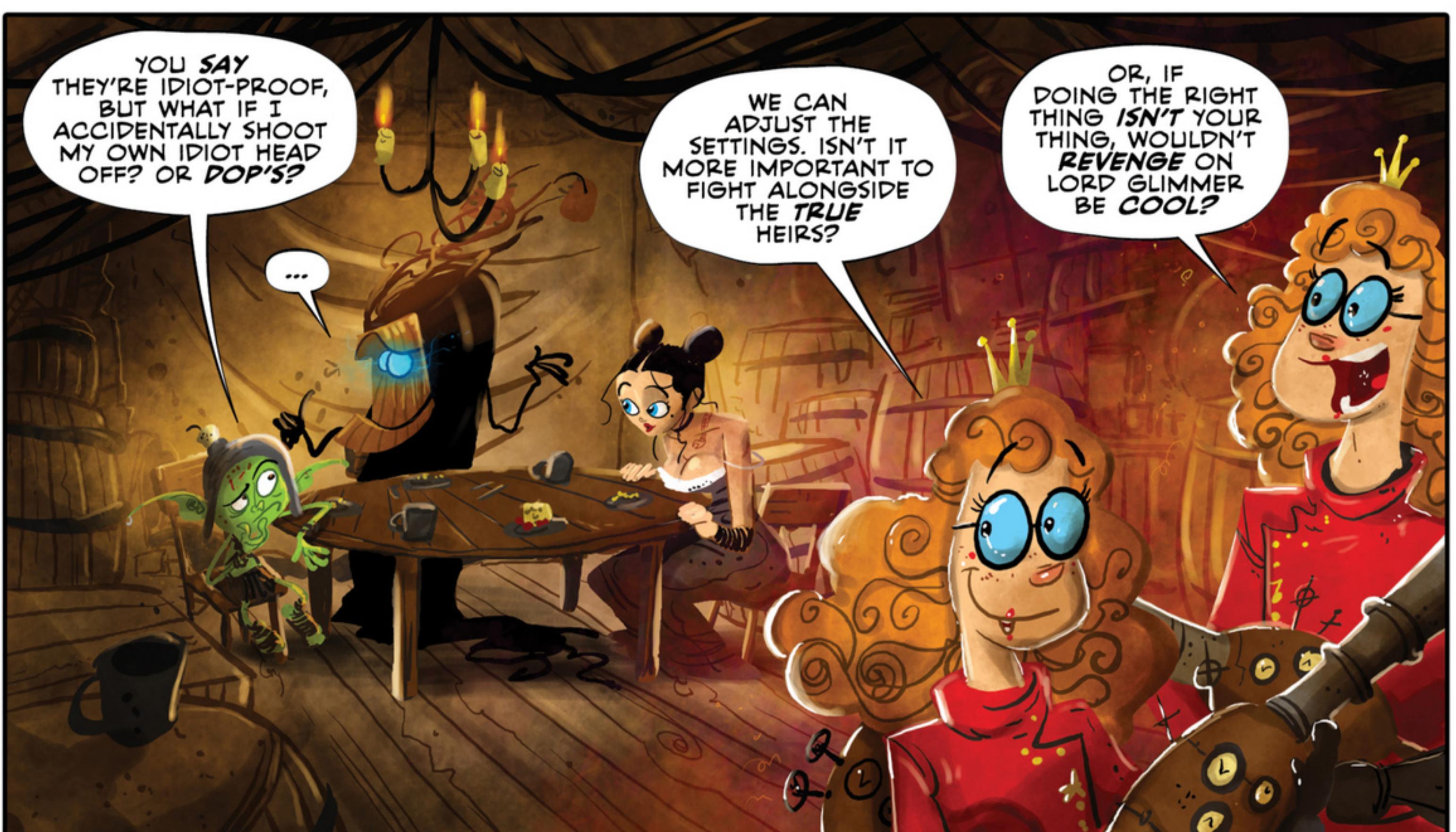
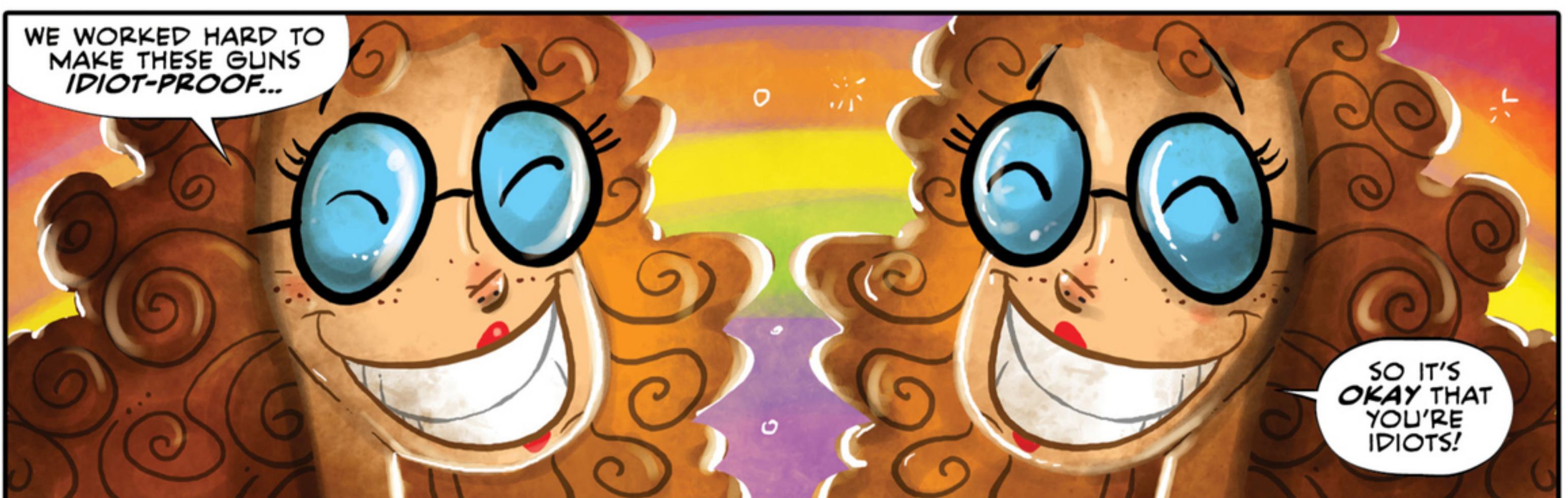
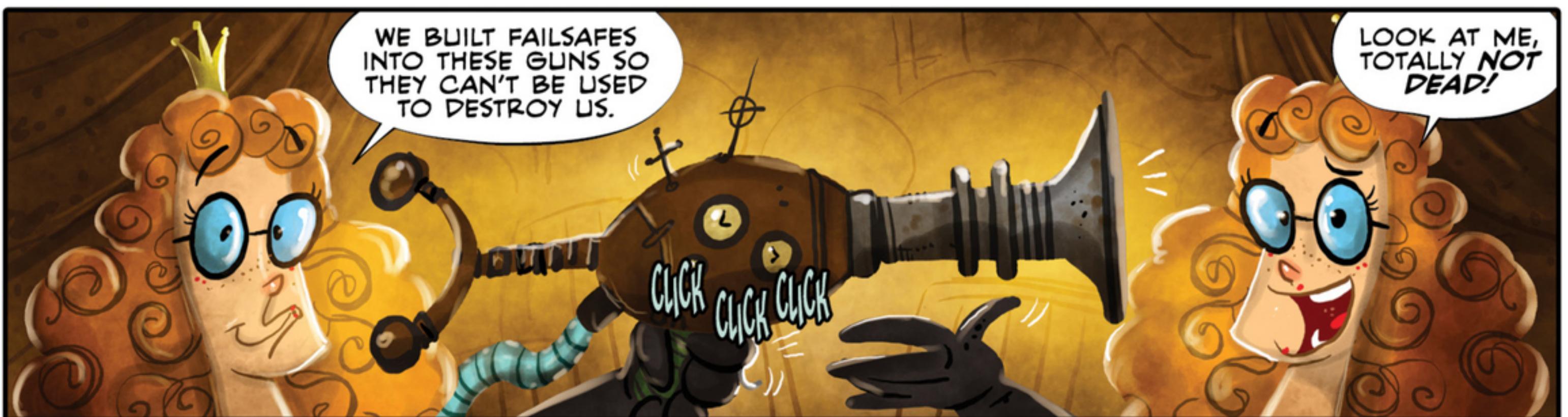


I THOUGHT YOU TWO MIGHT LIKE TO BE ON THE WINNING SIDE FOR ONCE. AND NOT JUST ON THE WINNING SIDE TEMPORARILY BECAUSE THE WINNING SIDE KICKED YOU OFF IT...



DO YOU REALLY THINK TWO LITTLE GIRLS CAN TAKE THE THRONE WITHOUT AN ARMY? JUST US?







HEY,  
LOOK, DOP!  
THERE'S LORD  
GLIMMER!

GET AWAY  
FROM ME! I'M  
PROTECTED BY  
THE UNDEAD!

YEAH, DO YOU UNDEAD GUYS  
REMEMBER HOW MUCH GLIMMER  
**CHARGED** YOU? AND HOW HE  
NEVER LET YOU HAVE ANY  
**BRAINS?**

IF YOU CAN FIND A  
BRAIN IN HIS HEAD,  
CLAIM IT.

JUST DON'T  
EXPECT HIM TO  
HAVE ENOUGH  
TO **SHARE**...

CAPTAIN  
WIGGLY! WHERE'S  
MY GOOD BOY?  
RESCUE YOUR  
OLD MASTER, AND  
I'LL GIVE YOU  
A TREAT!

I THINK  
WE **WON**, BUT  
LET'S KEEP  
SHOOTING  
ANYWAY...

...

